

EXTRA EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT

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Another Day of Winning and the Pennant Is Ours Once More.

THE GIANT GAIT HOLDS OUT.

Cleveland's Spiders Find the Speed Again Too Great.

Table with 2 columns: Team, Wins, Losses, Pct.

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Special to the Evening World: Cleveland Baseball Grounds, Oct. 4.—Jim Mutrie arrived safely in Pittsburgh and has been heard from.

The weather here was anything but pleasant today. A raw chilling wind swept over the town from the lake shore, and heaving masses of clouds obscured the sun and effectually prevented any noticeable warmth from that direction.

Every one of the New York players was in good condition and last night's game was a real test of the cold weather to-day had its usual depressing effect on the attendance and there were barely a thousand people out to see the exceedingly important game of the afternoon.

The Giants should lose to-day and Boston win, three games would be played here tomorrow; and if all three should prove victories for Mutrie's men, Boston would then have to win twice on the same day against Pittsburgh to capture the pennant.

To-day Welch was in the points for the champions. He had very hard luck of late, in that he has pitched splendid ball, in losing on close games. Crane was down as extra man.

Bakely, who has been one of the most effective twirlers against his present adversaries, was depended upon by the Spiders, and he was called upon by the field first.

The batting order: New York: Gore, c. f.; Foran, r. f.; Ward, s. s.; Ewing, c. b.; Conner, 1st b.; Whitney, 2d b.; Ewing, c. b.; Welch, p.

First Inning—Radford went out on a fly to O'Rourke. Stricker followed with a short line fly to right. Tiernan caught in good shape. Then Conner covered a safe one to center, but was too cool to catch it on first by Tiernan, who got to left was easily caught by O'Rourke. No runs.

Foran's lead was easily caught by the Champions and Gore caught first. Tiernan sized up a slow crawler for a clean two-baser to right, which advanced Gore to second.

Ward knocked a slow grounder to Faatz and gained first because the latter felled the ball to the right in a hurry. Ewing hit the long first baseman sent the ball home in time to catch Tiernan, who was out. Ewing's run, and Ward, by good running, reached third.

Richardson's drop fly was easily caught in short left by Tiernan. Then on Conner's second strike a passed ball occurred, and by remarkable good running both Ward and Ewing scored.

After this Conner contented himself with a fly to center. Tiernan caught it. Then on Conner's slow-moving grounder, hit from a fast side ball, was felled by Richardson. Ewing hit a ball and Conner bore his grounder to first.

Faatz hit Micker in the hole on the ball reaching center. He then made a break for second, but was easily thrown out by Ewing. No runs.

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Richardson drove a pretty one over McKean's head and hands for one base. Then Conner knocked a hot grounder to Stricker, who threw easily to second, and by the error advanced Richardson to third and Ewing to second.

O'Rourke's fly was well taken near the foul line by Stricker. Conner then made a high hit to second and while he was being run down by Stricker, Richardson struck out.

Whitney was given four balls, but Tiernan made a splendid running catch of Welch's lead hit fly and the inning ended. One run.

Sixth Inning—Ward made his first assist of the game from Radford's grounder and his second from a hit of the same kind sent him by Stricker.

Twelfth popped up a high fly to left. Ward ran for it, but O'Rourke yelled, "I'll take it, John."

Instead, he took a great ornamental error, for the ball bounded out of his hand and McKean took first. He let his ambitious run away with him, however, and was easily thrown out at second by Ewing. No runs.

Gore was retired on Bakely's assist, and Tiernan's large fly was very prettily caught by Radford.

Ward went out at first, Stricker assisting. No runs.

Seventh Inning—Tiernan flied to Gore. Chase fanned out. Thicker then, when Conner sneaked a single to left, but he had not learned discretion from his comrades' down-fall and was easily caught stealing second. No runs.

Ewing's foul fly fell to Tebeau.

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DEAD HEAT.

Now or Never and Brother Ban Run a Tie at Morris Park.

THE MONEY WAS DIVIDED.

Fordham Equals Britannic's Record for Five Furlongs.

ST. JOHN TOOK THE WELTER HANDICAP.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) MORRIS PARK RACE TRACK, Oct. 4.—This was the third day of the meeting at Morris Park, and there was only a small crowd in attendance.

The first race was a dash of five furlongs, for which the favorite, Fordham, beat Pearl Sit a head in fifty-nine seconds, equalling the record made by Britannic on the last day of the August meeting.

Now or Never and Brother Ban were the only starters for the second race, and it was a contest worth seeing. They raced lapped from the start, and in the last few strides Hamilton got Brother Ban up and made a dead heat.

The jockeys agreed to divide rather than run the heat off.

St. John took the welter handicap, with \$1,000 added; selling allowance; five furlongs.

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IT'S PLUCKY

The Way Boston Keeps Up Its Good Running in This Race.

PITTSBURG IS BEATEN AGAIN.

And That When Nery Clarkson Had Weakened in His Task.

Pittsburg - - - 3 Boston - - - 4

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BALL GROUNDS, PITTSBURGH, Oct. 4.—A dreary day and a cool west wind which blew directly into the stand caused a seat there to be anything but a luxury and those of the fair sex who were present found their wraps most comfortable.

The event of the day was the Hunter Stakes for three-year fillies for which the Lioness was made a 1 to 2 favorite, but at the end of the one in front was Dwyer Rose, Aurora, who beat Capt. J. W. Daylight a neck, the latter being added to the last night.

The bookmakers all lost heavy on this race, as they thought the distance too far for Aurora, and laid a false price against her chances.

Before the racing began, Joe Cotton mounted his box and made a book on the Westchester race. He offered best odds, and for some little time was kept fairly busy.

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HE SET THE BOMB.

Watchman Mahoney Placed It in Scanlan's Office, Where It Exploded.

Thought It Was Only a Harmless Tin Dinner-Pail.

Remarkable Disclosures at the Boycotted Abattoir.

One of the Workmen Kidnapped and Drugged by Strikers.

Important discoveries in regard to the mysterious wreck of Scanlan's abattoir in West Fourth street yesterday were made by the police this morning.

The man who placed the explosive in the office is not known, however, though Detectives Murphy and Warner, of the West Thirty-seventh street station, intimate that they are on his track.

How the bomb got into the office is no longer a mystery.

One of Scanlan's own men was the innocent carrier of the machine to the place where it exploded.

His name is Jeremiah Mahoney and he holds the position of night watchman at the slaughter-house.

It turns out that yesterday morning at 7.30 o'clock, when the watchman was about leaving the place, he discovered a brand new tin dinner-pail standing behind one of the main doors.

He picked it up and called Foreman Michael Mahoney.

The latter looked at it curiously and then opened it.

A few pieces of cheese and several slices of rye bread were all that could be seen. The foreman, supposing that the can belonged to the night watchman, did not investigate any further, but told the watchman to put it away, so that the gang would not find out who had placed it in the neighborhood.

The watchman placed it in the office under the door. Then he went home and the foreman thought nothing more of it.

Indeed, he never thought of it until last night, when the watchman, hearing of the explosion, spoke about the tin can that had been found in the morning.

The machine was cleverly contrived and must have been exploded by clockwork, for no fuse of any kind was seen either by foreman or watchman.

That it was meant to kill the Scanlans is evidenced by the time that it went off, a few minutes after 8 o'clock.

It would probably not have been home now but for his plucky wife. When he did not come home for nearly a week she became alarmed.

She called him out "Where is my husband?" "How do I know?" he responded, insolently.

Well, you know, James McLaughlin, and if you don't produce him and have him home by tonight I'll have son in Jefferson Market Police Court to-morrow morning.

He was startled from the effect of the drug and at once admitted that he had placed the bomb in the office.

He was taken to the police station and there he was kept with two men named Clark and Kennedy, and drinking with them.

His family was put in desperate straits by his absence.

Mrs. Kerby was in a towering rage this morning. "If I had had a pistol yesterday," she said, "I would have shot James McLaughlin dead at once."

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